This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07603458 0

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

LENOX LIBRARY

AUCTOR PRETIOSA FACIT

Duyckinck Collection.
Presented in 1878.

NBHS
Library

NBHD

THE WEST;

A METRICAL EPISTLE.

BY FRANCIS LIEBER.

NEW YO
PUBLIC
LIBRAR

New-York:
Putnam.
1848.

LENOX LIBRARY
NEW YORK

Leavitt, Trow & Co. Prs.,
33 Ann-street.

THE WEST,

A METRICAL EPISTLE.

Inscribed to the Author's friends in that portion of the country.

(In the Month of January, 1848.*)

Could I unroll a song in floating numbers,
As proud and graceful as our banner waves
Upon your lakes, which dare to rival seas;
Could I for lusty boatmen rhyme a chant
To mark the splashing metre of the oar,

* I feel it necessary to state that this poem was written thus early; for since then the tidings of events have reached us, so thrilling, that it would indicate little poetry in the soul of a man, who could quietly sit down and compose a poem of such length with these stirring and whelming news around him, each successive *packet bringing* us whole chapters of most momentous history.

Or make the hemlock loud resound the shout
Of raftsmen, gliding down the sombre woods,
Where bland magnolias shine in frowning leaves—
If words were pliant servants to the soul
A lay would meet you worthy of your land.
  But I feel weak, and yet presume to sing;
For, I beheld surprised the teeming West,
And deep conviction must have utterance,
Since Man was made, and though he were the least,
To love, to honor, utter and to act.
Peruse my lines then with supplying grace,
And read between them what they fail to say.
I write this verse, perhaps but loosely measured,
Still by the rhythm of a beating heart.

  When tides of men, pushed on by greater tides,
From North and East flowed wildly rushing in
On wicked Rome, that Europe might arise,
Blood never measured, anguish yet untold,
And darken'd, dragging centuries of harm

Were stern conditions of a better day.
Now Europe sends, as once she had received,
The floods of men, but they proceed in peace,
To break up soil, not states—the Goth's behest.
They leave behind them stinted food and rights,
And find in bountiful profusion here
Their daily bread and daily liberty;
The price is labor, not as whilom blood;
Land the reward, but not for owners slain.—
This peaceful, good migration marks the age.

In trustful peace adopted they commix,
And loyally they share, whence e'er they come,
The common language and the common law—
That rule of sturdy right, strong masonry
Of ages, braced with seasoned precedents
And buttressed by the jury round about.*
The native pioneer takes on with him

* Lord Chatham called the trial by jury and the free press, *the two buttresses* of the arch of liberty.

The architecture of this law as part
Of very self, when first he ventures west
To conquer with the plough and master soil—
The man that clears the land and plants the law
And clears the air that health and right be breathe
The hardy hermit of the felling axe,
Who does for westward rolling multitudes
What for himself the splitting wedges do.
Where yesterday the moody red man's club
Begrimed with fellest internecine gore
Was respited on common ground of peace
Only to find the dart of mutual doom,*
Dwells working peace to-day and Christians' Gc
The few that lived at hazard by the chase
Gave way to crowding and productive thrift.

* Mr. E. G. Squier, in his interesting observations Aboriginal Monuments in the Mississippi Valley, New-Yorl calls the places where stones fit for arrowheads were "*neutral grounds* where the war hatchet for the time w *and all rivalries* and animosities were forgotten."

When red and half-bred trappers erst recede,
The white man's rifle ranges through the wood,
Or struggling Boones are roaming through a beat
That would o'erlap a principality:
Then comes the woodman, chopping out his patch;
He furrows round the stumps and ghastly trees
With withered arms, once robed in rustling green,
Now roosts for lonely crows. The field appears;
The stately maize with golden tassels graced
And undulating wheat on gracile blade.
Th' impatient cotton bursts the fett'ring "bowl"
And harmless snow-drifts seem with verdure mixed.
The blacksmith lights his fash'ning fire, to forge
The tire of peaceful conquest wide around.
Unwearied mills begin their cheerful prattle
Of nutriment for which we daily pray,
And festive cake, to gladden with its plums
The staring urchin and the clam'rous boy.
The prattling school, then hushed again, admits

The child with shining bucket*—driving hard
The spelling wedge into the stubborn mind.
The lawless law of scatt'red men gives way,
And judges hold their rightful houseless court;
The house of God, bare planks but lightly shingled,
Proclaims the love of Him who firmly shields.
Soon searching trade sends out her fibres far,
The groaning pedler with his bulging pack
Begins, then yields to moving shops on wheels,
Or flag and horn invite to floating marts.†

* American children, who visit schools at too great a distance from home to return for dinner, take their meal with them to school in little tin buckets. The same is done by adults on Sundays, when the church is so far from home that the people cannot return between the two services.

† It may not be known to every reader that there are boats of considerable magnitude on the western rivers, in which grocers' goods, potters' ware, cutlery, and all sorts of cotton and woolen tissues and other commodities, to the amount of many thousand dollars, are embarked. Boats of this kind frequently start from Pittsburgh. They stop at certain landing places for days and weeks, while emissaries on horseback announce their arrival. They continue their peddling expedition until every thing is sold, when the boat is also disposed of, and the floating trader returns frequently with a very handsome profit.

The hamlet centres where the cabin stood,
And noble rivers, which but lately rolled
In silence, frighted by the warriors' shout,
Now proud of cities on their banks, move on,
As handsome mothers step with graceful joy
When leading fairer daughters by their hand.
The fluvial stir, the urban hum are heard,
And sluggish, dimming clouds of trailing smoke,
Before they may depart, must testify
Like some reluctant, brow-knit witnesses,
The gladsome truth of industry beneath;
While curling wakes in purer air on high
Betray the course, below, of wheel-finned boats
Up-stream, like trouts, with darting steadiness;
And panting cars take shoals of hurried men
Through shorten'd distance, though of same extent,
Flying by day and night through mossy woods
Whose only tenants are those anchorites
That feed the feeding tanks—on iron paths
Not lighted, watched or fenced as Europe's are,

And by the path from pole to pole hastes on
The eager news, racing with Time himself,
And distancing his day-dividing orb.
  The settlers multiply, provide for schools,
For government, and calmly ask admission
As equal heirs by that un-jealous law
The like no page of history contains.
The straggling hut, the forge, the village, town
Swelled into States, in lustres number'd soon
For which not centuries of yore sufficed;
And over mounds where unknown races sleep
Beneath the oak, by us primeval called,
The loud unrest of busy life resounds.

  How much has he who garnished Cashmere's val
And sent the Esquimaux to feed on seal,
Vouchsafed to thee, the verdant Occident!
Thy fields are rich, thy forests high and deep,
Thy rivers long, thy pastures green and close,
Thy flocks prolific, and thy waters vast;

Thy prairies challenge ploughs, thy hills the forge;
Thy skies are bright; thy seasons clearly marked,
And nature made thee in a liberal mood.
All that civilization builds upon
Is meted out abundantly to thee—
Plenty of work-sustaining grain and meat;
The wat'ry highroads to exchange and bind;
And treasures in the bowels of the earth—
The coal, to thwart benumbing winter's breeze
And feed the steam for speed and whirling strength;
Iron, the second hand of Man progressive,
(What were his mind without his nimble hand?
What were the hand, had God not iron given?)
And plenty of the rarer, milder ore
Of which the early Roman forged his sword,
And Greece undying her creative chisel,—
How much was given to the crescive West!

But there's a law, which blends the favors pour'd
On Man, with even justice; for it stands

Of him to whom there has been given much,
Much shall be asked. Man's highest, greatest need
Is not what man can do the least without.*
Man shall not, cannot live of bread alone.
Plenty, though bless'd, is not our end; how else
Would human swarms in fertile regions differ
From fretting mice? They search and find support,
And amply multiply so long as food
Replenishes their procreative powers;
But, millions or a few, they still are mice.—
As blessings rise, so the demands of heav'n.

Of him on whom the riches were bestowed
Of liberty, the rays of streaming light
Will be required; liberty demands
Intense exertion. Stolid despotism

* This line is not my own. Prof. Lushington says in his Inaugural Lecture in Glasgow, "What we can least do without is *not our highest* need." I quote the words from Mr. Morell's *History and Critical View* of Speculative Philosophy. London, 1846.

Can rest unmoved like inorganic stuff
And yet may last a time; not freedom so.
Freedom is like organic life, suspended
Between the two unalterable points—
Unceasing action or a putrid death.
The terms of earnest freedom are not light;
For freedom is but plenitude of rights,
And ev'ry honest right a hugging twin
Of obligation—they were born together.
They are like woof and warp of choicest web,
A scurril rag if one be ravell'd out.
The gospel of stout civil liberty
Is like th' enfranchisement of Christian souls,
Imposing gravest tasks of right and truth.
But freedom, too—man's healthiest existence—
Is like the joyous life of sylvan tribes.
Each tree, each vine—they bide their law of growth,
They spread, entwine, and struggle toward light,
The vernal ray infuses wak'ning warmth,
And life pervades the whole community.

A youth I stood on Wartburg's castled mount,
The smithy high, where Luther cast the word
Of life into his living tongue, and verse
For verse became a buckler or a spear.
And as I gazed upon the forest sea
On which his lighted eye must oft have dwelled,
I saw the past, and it appeared to me
As though I viewed what all those wrestling men
Have worked, have suffered, and devoutly hoped.
A man, I stood on Cincinnati's hill,
Whence eye can search the skies and view the west.*
My vision ranged; my sweeping mind beheld
The future open, yet but dim. I prayed
That on this region of futurity
The balmiest culture may most richly flow—
That well-fed men may rule the willing soil,

* An Observatory, with a telescope of great power, subscribed for by the citizens of Cincinnati, is on this fine hill. Artisans and tradespeople subscribed the most liberally of all classes for this noble object.

And well-trained mind subdue the stalwart man;
That boldness, rectitude and patience guide
The men who sail on freedom's open sea;
That never huddled units here may crowd,
Like pebbles, unconnected, cold, though heaped
By accident; but that cemented hosts
Feel common shame and honor for the past
And future in their country's lasting cause,
Revering but one sov'reign lord, the law;
That law itself (no froward idol served
With bleeding justice by complacent priests)
May flow amending with amending times—
That wisdom, casting carefully around,
And husbanding the gold experience coins—
That learning, ever storing yet in need—
That science, loving truth for its own self—
Philosophy, the plumbing of the mind—
That truthfulness, that ready honesty,
(Possessed, a trifle, harm immense if not,)
That faithful nurture of the rising young—

Untruckling, and that higher justice still,
The sacred due ere we've a right to love—
That love, the balm in man's ensorrowed life—
That lev'ling charity o'er wealth in trust—
That fear of God which warns when warning tongues
Are mute, and that the worship of the arts,
Ennobling messengers from heaven sent
To soothe and tell us things ineffable—
That wide-winged poesy, which raises man
As Cronion's eagle lifted Ganymede—
Here find a home and live, and here may soar,
And all that's bright, and broad, and beautiful
May bloom in fullest orchard blossoms here,
And westward travel to the salt expanse,
Thence to be wafted, may be, to the isles
Which Nature decked far lovelier than Greece,
There to arise anew and higher still.

And what you have and what you shall acquire,
May it benignly bide for e'er with you;

For there's a gloom far darker and more dread
That wraps the setting sun of freedom, truth,
And manners, than benights the savage age
Which yet is waiting for the breaking day
Of order, thrift, humanity, and law.

THE SHIP CANAL

FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

An Ode to the American People and their Congress, on reading the Message of the United States President in December, 1847.

REND America asunder
And unite the Binding Sea
That emboldens Man and tempers—
Make the ocean free.

Break the bolt which bars the passage,
That our River richly pours
Western wealth to western nations;
Let that sea be ours—

Ours by all the hardy whalers,
By the pointing Oregon,
By the west impelled and working
Unthralled Saxon son.

Long indeed they have been wooing,
The Pacific and his bride;
Now 'tis time for holy wedding—
Join them by the tide.

Have the snowy surfs not struggled
Many centuries in vain,
That their lips might seal the union?
Lock then Main to Main.

When the mighty God of nature
Made his favored continent,
He allowed it yet unsevered,
That a race be sent,

Able, mindful of his purpose,
Prone to people, to subdue,
And to bind the lands with iron,
Or to force them through.

What the prophet-navigator,
Seeking straits to his Catais,*

* Catais or Cathay and Zipango were the names given to the *eastern part of* Asia, toward which the greatest of navigators

But began, now consummate it—
Make the strait and pass.

Blessed eyes, that shall behold it,
When the pointing boom shall veer,
Leading through the parted Andes,
While the nations cheer!

There at Suez, Europe's mattock
Cuts the briny road with skill,*
And must Darien bid defiance
To the pilot still?

Do we breathe this breath of knowledge
Purely to enjoy its zest?
Shall the iron arm of science
Like a sluggard rest?

directed his westerly voyage, as Marco Polo had reached it by an eastward journey. Columbus having found that a continent debarred him from continuing his westward course, persevered in searching for straits which would allow him a passage to his wished-for Catais.

* English, French, and Austrian engineers have actually set out to commence the ship canal through the Isthmus of Suez.

(*Since this* note was originally written, events of such ab-[illegible]*ing interest have* happened all over Europe, that the under-[illegible]*as probably* been interrupted.)

Up then, at it! earnest People!
Bravely wrought thy scorning blade,
But there's fresher fame in store yet,
Glory for the spade.

What we want is naught in envy,
But for all we pioneer;
Let the keels of every nation
Through the isthmus steer.

Must the globe be always girded
Ere we get to Bramah's priest?
Take the tissues of your Lowells
Westward to the East.

Ye, that vanquish pain and distance,
Ye, enmeshing Time with wire,
Court ye patiently for ever
Yon antarctic ire?

Shall the mariner for ever
Double the impeding capes,
While his longsome and retracing
Needless course he shapes?

But began, now consummate it—
Make the strait and pass.

Blessed eyes, that shall behold it,
When the pointing boom shall veer,
Leading through the parted Andes,
While the nations cheer!

There at Suez, Europe's mattock
Cuts the briny road with skill,*
And must Darien bid defiance
To the pilot still?

Do we breathe this breath of knowledge
Purely to enjoy its zest?
Shall the iron arm of science
Like a sluggard rest?

directed his westerly voyage, as Marco Polo had reached it by an eastward journey. Columbus having found that a continent debarred him from continuing his westward course, persevered in searching for straits which would allow him a passage to his wished-for Catais.

* English, French, and Austrian engineers have actually set out to commence the ship canal through the Isthmus of Suez.

(*Since* this note was originally written, events of such absorbing interest have happened all over Europe, that the undertaking has probably been interrupted.)

Up then, at it! earnest People!
Bravely wrought thy scorning blade,
But there's fresher fame in store yet,
Glory for the spade.

What we want is naught in envy,
But for all we pioneer;
Let the keels of every nation
Through the isthmus steer.

Must the globe be always girded
Ere we get to Bramah's priest?
Take the tissues of your Lowells
Westward to the East.

Ye, that vanquish pain and distance,
Ye, enmeshing Time with wire,
Court ye patiently for ever
Yon antarctic ire?

Shall the mariner for ever
Double the impeding capes,
While his longsome and retracing
Needless course he shapes?

What was daring for our fathers,
To defy those billows fierce,
Is but tame for their descendants;
We are bid to pierce.

We that fight with printing armies,
Settle sons on forlorn track
As the Romans flung their eagles,
But to win them back;

Who, undoubting, worship boldness,
And, if baffled, bolder rise,
Should *we* lag when Grandeur beckons
To this good emprise?

Let the vastness not appal us;
Greatness is thy destiny;
Let the doubters not recall us;
Venture suits the free.

Like a seer, I see her throning,
Winland,* strong in freedom's health,

* May I not for once bestow upon our nameless country this *good and plain Saxon* name, which was given to it by its first and

Warding peace on both the waters,
Widest Commonwealth—

•

Teutonic discoverers, long before Columbus and Vespucius? The poet, and all who desire to speak with fervor and brevity, stand in need of a name more comprehensive and concise than that which conveys the idea of a mere political relation. Above all, they stand in need of a name for the country, and not only of an official designation, however honorable or historical—a name around which cluster associations of the heart as well as of political and international transactions. When the heroic Nelson felt that he must animate his fleet to the highest pitch of battle-work, his signals did not proclaim "The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or, His Majesty King George the Third, expects every man to do his duty," but the flag-ship signalled: "England this day expects every man to do his duty;" and in that brief dissyllable, *England*, centered every thing that could stir the men and swell the breasts of officers—honor, wives, sweet-hearts, parliament, newspapers, fields, farms, fox hunting, peerage, habeas corpus, brown stout, pudding, Christmas merriment, and all. Columbia, which has become in some sort the poetic name for the United States, is not sufficiently specific; and Alleghania, which has been proposed, has, besides its unwelcome similarity with alligator, a character of newness without freshness, like whitewashed walls or a shining hat. It sounds *made*, and as if made, too, for a school geography; yet, why should we take even a book-name from that small and very partial ridge of hillocks? We have gone too far beyond it. The name of Winland, on the contrary, is old, idiomatic, simple, and requires only to be resumed;

Crowned with wreaths that still grow greener,
Guerdon for untiring pain,
For the wise, the stout and steadfast:
Rend the land in twain!

Cleave America asunder,
This is worthy work for thee;
Hark! The seas roll up imploring—
"Make the ocean free."

it would adapt itself to all the needed grammatical formations, (or, as the late Mr. Duponceau would finely have said, is malleable;) it is brief, and seems every way sound.

A FESTIVE SONG

For the Celebration of Washington's Birth-Day in the South Carolina College Chapel, 1848.

When the God who fosters freedom,
  Saw this land was ripe and strong,
He emboldenʼd men to earn it—
  Sing a grateful, fervent song.

Glowing sages, untried soldiers
  Wrestled, scorning doubt and taunt;
Ardent, their confiding ardor
  Leaned on him whose day we chant.

And as years are crowding faster,
  Veiling many championsʼ fame,
Wider shines and still ascending
  His unfading, astral name.

He was great in perseverance,
  Great above ambitionʼs lust;

Great, obeying; great ordaining—
  Steward of untarnished trust.

Never stooping, never touching
  Persecution's ready rod;
Great and calm that path pursuing
  Which but one before him trod.*

Nations' blessing is the lustre
  Of a starry history—
Sound them thanks and shout your pæan
  For our polestar of the free!

But the thanks of men are idle—
  Ornate vessels void of wine,
Ready to receive and cover
  Pride's distasting, bitter brine—

If they fail to gender action,
  Deeds in sterling duty done,
Deeds attest he loved his people;
  That he vaunted, there are none.

* William the First, founder and martyr of the Netherland republic.

Our devoted, struggling fathers
  Gained us freemen's ample Right;
Let to future days be handed
  Brighter, all they left us bright;

That *we* lack not blessing ages,
  As we now our *fathers* bless;
And that freedom's blooming garden
  Never turn to wilderness.

They were freemen, never freedmen;
  They held fast, perfected, reared;
And by works like theirs, by toiling,
  They are fittingly revered.

All the dwellers in this country,
  Lift as one your joying voice—
Millions, born to all her freedom;
  Millions, wedding her from choice.

THE SON'S DEPARTURE FROM NEW-YORK.

The pilot said, "'Tis time to go,"
  The captain took the word;
I blessed my son—I pressed my boy—
  And there she sailed, the lad on board.

I saw the waving, weeping boy—
  We had the barque in tow;
And as she pointed, he would shift
  From starboard to the larboard bow,

That he might see his father yet,
  As long as it might be;
For I stood sternmost in the tug,
  And gazed as steadily as he.

And thus it lasted full an hour;
  We saw—we could not speak;

At times we waved one greeting more,
  At times our hearts would almost break.

The busy beam wrought fast and strong,
  The lovely shores grew wide;
The ocean swell set heaving in,
  And rolled the ship from side to side.

At last they let the hawser slip—
  The chafing barque was free;
I felt as if some cruel man
  Had torn a living piece from me.

She bore so handsomely away,
  She bent with graceful dip;
But 'neath the white and spreading sail
  Was tear and grief within the ship;

As flaunting banners smartly float
  When soldiers bravely start;
They wave o'er many gallant brows,
  They wave o'er many an aching heart.

I saw the ship a distant tower;
  It grew a mere white spot,
Thrice lost, regained with straining eye,
  Until I lost and found it not.

They say that mothers feel it most
  When children part or die;
But fathers, too, can bleed and know
  Love's warmest pulse and deepest sigh.

I launched him sole upon the sea,
  Where many meet their fate;
I launched him on the sea of life,
  Where greater, graver perils wait.

But will not God protect the lad
  So fair, so true and pure?
If he were not on sea and land
  Who could such parting days endure?

THE SHIP JAMESTOWN.

A Sonnet.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF F. L. BY THE REV. N. L. F.

HERODOTUS stood by me in my sleep,
Handing his style to me. And shall I write
Of conquests far and near, the fame of fight,—
How men will combat, and how mothers weep?

How *here* Man's skill and meditation deep
Bid Nature bend to serve his active sprite;
And Time and Pain, the victors, own his might;—
While Famine mocks him *there* with blasting sweep?

The Sage replied: Exploit so boldly wrought,
And Death so dire, through every history clang.
Let this thy careful Muse record instead,—

That they the first, by wiser counsel taught,
A war-ship sent to fight with Hunger's pang,
And so the ancient scoff repaid with Bread.

George P. Putnam,

(OF THE LATE FIRM OF WILEY AND PUTNAM,)

Has taken the new and commodious premises,

155 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK,

(Next building to that of the late Firm,)

And continues the business of

PUBLISHING,

AND THE

IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN BOOKS,

AS ABOVE, AND AT

PUTNAM'S AMERICAN LITERARY AGENCY, 142 *Strand, London,*

[ESTABLISHED IN 1838.]

Arrangements have been made to secure at the London Agency the services of an experienced and competent Bibliographer, so that the business of executing SPECIAL ORDERS FOR THE TRADE AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS may be better regulated, and all parties giving such orders may be fully satisfied both with regard to *expedition* and *economy.*

The interests of Public Institutions, and those ordering *Books in quantities* will receive special attention, while it is also intended that any one ordering *a single volume* from Europe, may receive it promptly (if procurable), without disappointment or unnecessary expense.

Mr. PUTNAM believes that his *twelve years' experience* abroad in purchasing Books for the American market, will be of service to those who may favor him with orders.

*** Correspondence established with PARIS, ROME, LEIPSIC, BRUSSELS, and all the principal cities on the Continent. All American Publications on the best terms, by the quantity or singly.

N. B.—CATALOGUES of extensive collections of Foreign and American *Books, on all subjects,* may be had on application.

mom

MM

OCT 7 1985